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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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LITTLE FOLKS.

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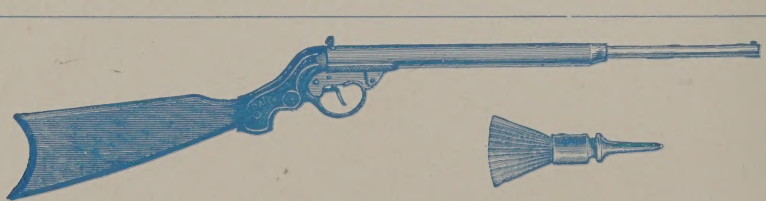

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LOOK, LITTLE COMRADE MINE!

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1899. No. 3.

THE WHITE, WHITE GULLS.

BLUE, O blue, O blue is the sky,
And blue is the dancing sea,
And the white, white gulls go sailing by,
Float-floating wild and free.
Look, little comrade mine, look out
On the sunlit harbor where
Gliding, soaring, wheeling about,
The white gulls throng the air!

All the long, long, long winter through
The gulls will circle and sail;
Though they like the breeze of mornings blue,
Better they like the gale.
Then, O then you shall see them, dear,
In the midst of the storm-wind float;
Over the roaring waters hear
Their shrill, rejoicing note.

Don't you wish, wish, my little girl,
That once in a while we two
Could have wings to fly and float and whirl
Just as the white gulls do?
On with our wings and out to sea
When the day was blue and bright—
O my dear, what fun it would be
If we only, only might!

Elizabeth Hill.

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THE GOLD STARS.

ROY WILLIS was ten, Lillie Willis was eight, and little Inez Willis was six years of age.

Roy Willis believed that girls should mind boys, especially their older brothers, and he succeeded pretty well, as a rule, in making Lillie and Inez do as he directed. As he was mischievous, he led them into many difficulties, and Mrs. Willis sometimes felt as if she should "go crazy" unless her children behaved better.

One day Mrs. Willis called the three, and showed them three boxes of tiny paper stars, and a large blank book. Across the top of the first page she had written Roy's name; Lillie's was on the next page, and little Inez was then shown hers, on the third page.

"When you have been very, very good all day," explained Mrs. Willis, "I shall paste a gold star on your page; when you have been fairly good, I will give you a red star; but when you have been naughty you shall have no star at all, unless you have been very, very naughty, when I will spoil the looks of your page with one of these black stars. Each week a new page, fresh and clean, will be given you."

"Every Saturday night you must bring the book upstairs to me," added Mr. Willis. "I will give you one penny for every red star I see on your pages, and five cents for every gold star; but *you* must give *me* five cents for every black star."

On Wednesday evening of the first week the children went into their mother's room, to talk over the day's proceedings as usual, and decide which star they were entitled to. All three had been *very* good that day, for their mother had had a headache, and they tried not to disturb her. So they were made happy by seeing their first gold stars placed on their pages.

There had been red stars on Monday, and black stars on Tuesday. Roy "reckoned up," and found that the black ones would offset the gold ones, and that they were still entitled to one penny each for the red ones.

The children went to bed feeling quite hopeful. It had not been so very hard earning that gold star, and they saw no reason why they should not get at least two more before the end of the week. The other two would probably be red; none of them had the least intention of getting another black star that week, but they had learned already that they could not be quite sure of gold ones.

"We must earn money this way for marbles," said Roy. "Every body has better marbles than ours, and more of them. We must earn enough to buy a lot of marbles; every kind in the stores!"

As usual the little girls agreed, athough they knew that Roy would have more fun with the marbles than they would. The next morning they talked it over together while bringing in wood. They felt that they could not get what marbles they really ought to have for less than twenty-five cents. They must be "very, very good."

"We *can* be good," said Lillie. "When our work is done let's just get into different corners, all by ourselves, and stay there!"

Lillie's plan was adopted. They remained in their corners nearly a quarter of an hour; but then they began to throw paper balls at one another by way of amusement. The balls

were followed by cushions, tidies, and newspapers, and soon the room looked as if a whirlwind had struck it. Mrs. Willis was upstairs, for she had not recovered from the headache of the day before.

Suddenly, there was a crash, and one of the mantel vases lay in pieces on the floor. The three children stared at it for a minute, without speaking. Roy was first to recover his presence of mind.

"Girls," he whispered, "Mama is sick. I don't believe she will miss it in a hurry."

"What do you mean?" asked Lillie.

"We'll pick it all up, and hide it after you fix up the room."

"Oh, Roy!" exclaimed little Inez, "you don't dare!"

"I do dare," replied Roy stoutly. "It isn't that I mean never to tell Mama; of course we must tell her some day."

"Then why not tell her now and have it over with?" said Lillie.

"And get black stars, and be in debt to Papa, and have to wait to get those marbles!" exclaimed Roy. "No; we will just keep still about it this week, and buy the marbles, and next week we will tell them, and take the black stars. It is only borrowing ahead a little."

"I don't believe we ought to," said little Inez.

But Roy's plan was finally agreed upon.

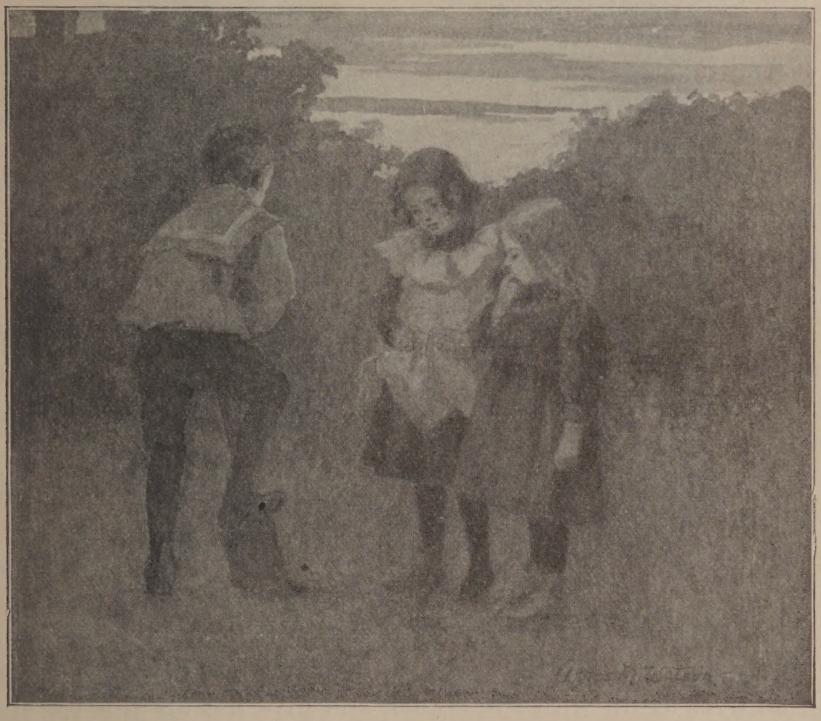
It was not difficult for the children to be "very, very good" for the rest of that day. They did not feel like playing, and so they worked better than they ever had before in their lives, and that night Mrs. Willis told their father that she had been obliged to give them gold stars two days in succession.

Mrs. Willis did not leave her room Friday or Saturday, and the "girl" said she had never known the children to be so good. Their father too, had only words of praise, and their mother certainly was not disturbed by any noise or confusion. Had she been downstairs as usual she would have quickly discovered that something was wrong, for they were not eating well and did not seem to care about playing.

A gold star was given each of them on both Friday and

Saturday, and Mrs. Willis playfully said she would have to get some of her black stars made over into gold ones, for gold was the only color she seemed to have any use for.

On Saturday night Mr. Willis gave each of the children sixteen cents. It was more money than they ever had had at one time, and they hurried up into Roy's room to talk it over.



THEY BURIED THE VASE AT TWILIGHT.

"I suppose we shall buy marbles Monday," said Roy, listlessly.

"We shall not need it all," replied Lillie. "I'll give you ten cents for the marbles, and I'll put the rest in the missionary box. It — it will sort of make up, and maybe I'll feel better."

"I don't care about marbles," said little Inez. "I — I wish I could give my money back to Papa 'thout anyone s'pecting."

For some time the children sat looking at one another and

occasionally rattling the money they held in their palms. They were more unhappy than they had ever been in their lives and all three knew exactly what was the matter.

"I had a bad dream about *it*," said Lillie.

"I s'pose you dreamed Papa dug it up!" said Roy.

"Worse. I dreamed it was all put together, and" — in a whisper — "that it was alive!"

"Girls," said Roy, "I'm going to dig it up."

"And take it right to Mama?" asked Inez hopefully.

"I'm going to have it all ready to take Monday after we have bought the marbles," said Roy.

That night Roy dug up the bits of broken vase, his sisters standing by. He held them in his hands for fully a minute; then suddenly he said, "Girls, I guess we'd better go to Mama right now. Who wants marbles. anyway!"

Mr. and Mrs. Willis were amazed when told how naughty their children had been; but they decided that, since they had confessed, the children should punish themselves as they thought best.

"We will paste black stars over all the gold ones," said Lillie promptly.

"But we were really good Friday and Saturday," faltered Roy.

The children finally decided that they would give their mother what pennies they had, to help her buy a new vase, begin all over again with the books, and give her all the red-star money, and all the gold-star money, until they had wholly paid for the vase.

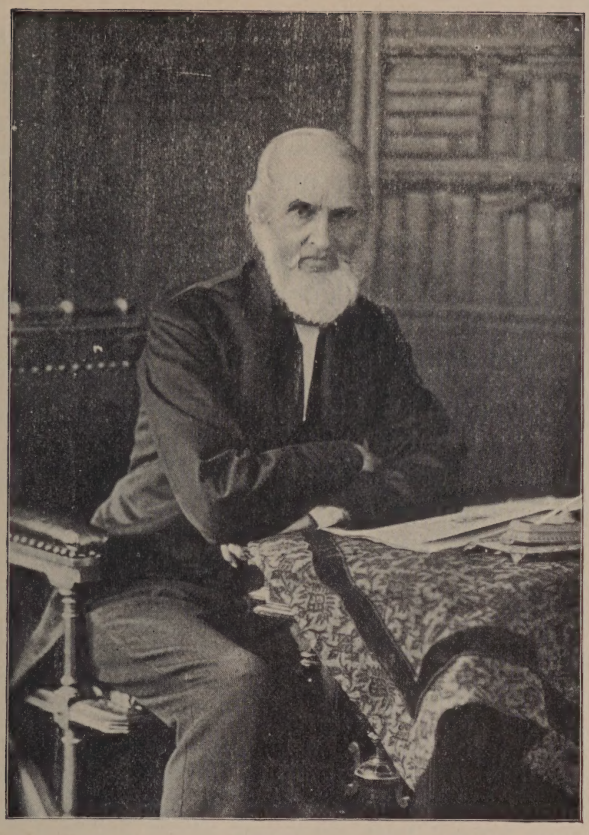
Mrs. Willis said this would be satisfactory to her. Then she pasted the three pages closely together, that no one might see what was on them.

"It is odd," said Roy, a half hour later, "how much better I feel since I dug up that vase!"

"I shall never borrow ahead again," replied Lillie, very gravely.

"I told you we oughtn't," said little Inez.

Effie W. Merriman.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION OF WHITTIER.

THERE was once a little girl, now grown up, who was fortunate enough to take a railway journey in the charge of Mr. Whittier. Most little children know his pretty poem, "In School Days." Those who do not, should learn it to "speak" the next time it is their turn to recite a piece of poetry at school. The portrait shows the bright, keen, kind, thoughtful face of the dear old Quaker poet. Mr. Whittier himself would have said he was a "Friend," and those who knew him think the word exactly describes him.

The little girl I have mentioned really lived in Philadelphia, but she was spending the summer with some cousins in Boston, and after a while they took her down to the Isles of Shoals. There were plenty of sail boats there, and sea-gulls, and sand-pipers, and salt breezes, and many, many wild roses which she enjoyed very much.

There was a cottage by the big hotel on Appledore Island; it belonged to Mrs. Celia Thaxter, whose poems all children will some day read. There is a very beautiful one among them, "One little Sandpiper and I." Into Mrs. Thaxter's parlor came many visitors, of whom the most interesting was Mr. Whittier. He did not talk very much, but listened a great deal. But talk the Quaker poet could and did whenever he was alone with the children.

One day the sea-winds blew very hard and the little girl found she could not breathe well; so the doctor thought it would be better for her to leave the wind-swept island and go further inland. The cousins with whom she was staying intended to remain for a month longer, so it was settled that the little girl should leave them at the Isles of Shoals and return to Boston. She was big enough to travel alone from Portsmouth (where the Shoals boats touch), and she was not sick, but only rather tired and out of breath.

Mr. Whittier offered to take charge of the little maid. He also was going to Boston. So began the pleasant journey. At the beginning of the ride, the little girl was quiet because she did not want to bother Mr. Whittier. But Mr. Whittier soon began to ask the little girl questions, and found out that he knew her father long ago in Philadelphia, where they both had been interested in the "Under Ground Railway" for getting slaves away to freedom in the North in the old Slavery Days.

After a while the old poet began to tell the little girl stories of what he did when he was young. It was very interesting then to hear Mr. Whittier talk. He explained that he was what is called "color blind;" he could not tell red and green from each other. When he was a boy he would be sent with

other children to gather strawberries. The other children found them readily, because they saw the brilliant scarlet berries against the green leaves and stems. Little John was most unlucky in searching for them. All looked green, or perhaps red, to him; he saw no difference in the colors. Afterward when he grew to be a man this color defect sometimes became rather awkward, at least for a Quaker; and he told the little girl about that, too.

You know that the Society of Friends does not approve of its members wearing gay colors or having "worldly ornaments" in their houses. Mr. Whittier told his little friend that once he was having the wall-paper renewed in his home library. Samples of wall-paper were sent for his approval, and he selected the pattern he liked. When the paper-hanger completed the job, some of the "Friends" were astonished to find that "Friend Whittier" had ordered red wall-paper put on his library! Mr. Whittier confessed to the little girl that he supposed he had chosen green paper! For some reason or other Quakers think that "green" is a less "worldly" color than other hues, and they do not object to its use.

As the train slowed up near a station, Mr. Whittier pointed out some far distant trees and said that "over that way was Amesbury," his home. When the news-agent came through the cars with a basket of fruit, Mr. Whittier bought an orange which he gave to his little travelling companion. The juice felt very pleasant to her throat.

When the poet talked to her he said "thee" and "thy" the quaint Quaker words the little girl was used to at home.

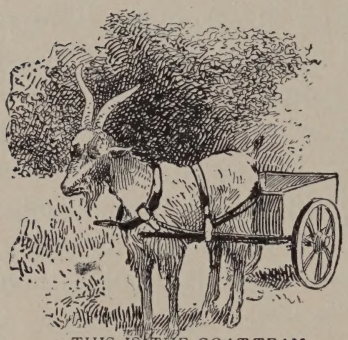
After a while the train drew into the depot at Boston. Friends met the little girl and took her away in a carriage. After she bade goodbye to Mr. Whittier and thanked him for his kindness, he said "Farewell," to her, the word that Friends use instead of "goodbye." The little girl never saw him again, but she loves to remember all she can about the gentle old poet.

Jean Fraley Hallowell.

THOSE GUINEA PIGS.

(The Roggie and Reggie Stories.)

HERE ARE THE GUINEA PIGS.



THIS IS THE GOAT-TEAM.

THE GOOSE AND HER GOSLINGS.

SEE THE PIGS JUMP!

DOWN under the weeping willow tree by the brook, Roggie and Reggie had two little guinea pigs, two little white guinea pigs, and a big white goose, and three little goslings, and a nanny-goat—an old white nanny-goat.

And one day, what do you think those little boys did?

Why, they hitched the old white nanny-goat to their little red cart, and Roggie took one guinea pig in his arms, and Reggie took the other guinea pig in his arms, and they took those pigs to ride! All around the back yard and all around the front yard they took those pigs to ride!

And you should have heard those little pigs squeal! "Wee! wee! wee!" they said, which meant, "We don't like to ride, little boys! We don't like to ride!"

And the big white goose swam away down the brook, as fast as she could go, and her three little goslings followed.

"Quack! quack! quack!" she cried, very loud, which meant, "What a noise! what a noise! Let us hurry away from this noise, dears!"

But all at once the guinea pig jumped out of Roggie's arms, and all at once the guinea pig jumped out of Reggie's arms—and away they ran!

And Roggie jumped out of the cart and away he ran after one little pig, and Reggie jumped out of the cart and away he ran after the other little pig.

And the old nanny-goat stood still, and looked around, and said, "Ba-aa! Ba-aa!" which meant, "I'll stand right here till you come back, little boys, but you may run and run, you will never catch those little guinea pigs!"

And they never did catch those little guinea pigs!

"Oh, oh," you will say, "did Roggie and Reggie never catch their little guinea pigs?"

No, Roggie ran and ran way down the road, and Reggie ran and ran way down the road, but they could not catch those pigs!

And Roggie sat down in the road and cried; he cried very loud, he screamed, and he yelled, for he couldn't catch his pig!

And Reggie sat down in the road and cried—he cried very loud, he screamed and he yelled, for he couldn't catch his pig!

But a little boy, who lived down the road, heard them cry, and he came out of his yard and caught the pigs and carried them home for them. And the little boy's name was Robbie!

This little boy Robbie you know?

Gertrude Smith.

HERE GOES ROGGIE.

AND HERE GOES REGGIE.

ROGGIE CRYING & REGGIE CRYING.

THIS IS ROBBIE.

GREYBACK AND GRETA.

GRETA.
(*Miss Margaret Lilly.*)

GREYBACK is the famous tiger-cat of the old Massachusetts town of witches; and Greta is Greyback's little-girl mistress.

Greyback is well worth looking at for his enormous size and his noble head and his glossy fur of black and yellow stripes; yet Greyback has not become famous because of his size and beauty, but because he is never seen in the street except dressed in baby-clothes and riding in a dainty wicker carriage!

Every day of his life Greyback is dressed up in long dresses with ruffled sleeves and neck, and pretty tucks in the skirt. He is taken care of like a baby, too, "trotted to Boston," carried about on Greta's shoulder, and petted and hugged, and sung to sleep.

When Greta goes to school, Greyback is laid, pretty white dress and all, on a big soft sofa pillow. There he lies all the forenoon very quietly, his glossy legs drawn up under his long skirts, unless someone happens to take a seat on the sofa—then he opens his great yellow eyes and give a warning *hiss-s-s!*

When Greta comes home from school Greyback is taken up, fed, and dressed in a fresh muslin. It is very funny to hear his loud purrs as Greta throws the dress over his head, shakes his big yellow paws through the long sleeves, and smoothes the skirt and pulls out the frills. He half opens his eyes to see which dress he is wearing, then shuts them again with a long sleepy yawn, as though there were nothing so restful to a cat as a newly-starched muslin.

Time was when Greyback was too young and foolish to like to wear dresses, and when he would run away as fast as his legs could carry him if he espied his little-girl mistress coming in with his dress or cloak. But that was eight years ago, in the days of his kittenhood.

Whenever the weather is fine Greyback expects to be dressed in his best frock, cloak and little ruffled cap, and be taken out in a baby carriage for an airing, all up and down the old Salem streets. Everybody stops to look at him. Newspaper reporters ask questions about him and then go away and

GREYBACK.

write stories about him. Artists and photographers take his picture. Dogs come and glare at him. Little children crowd near and crow delightedly in his ears. Other cats stare at him, and there is one Manx cat that always turns up his nose.

But Greyback sits up straight and jolts along serenely in his carriage, quite happy and contented so long as the strings of his bonnet do not get in the way of his whiskers, nor its frills in his eyes.

One sad day Greta and her mother went away on a long

visit, where it was impossible to take a cat with them. So Greyback was left to the care of the servants, and of course they could not be expected to dress Miss Greta's cat and take him out to ride.

Poor Greyback! he missed his gowns and his caps, his carriage and his little mistress, so much! His saucer of milk was left untasted, and his fur grew rough, and his paws ragged and worn with their ceaseless "pat, pat," about the house and yard. He became very thin, so thin that it was feared he would die before Greta's return, and everybody was much worried about it.

At last, after some scratches and growls — for Greyback cannot bear to be dressed by anyone but his own little mistress — he was put into his dress and cloak and cap, and taken out for a ride. He must have thought it was Greta pushing the carriage, for he settled contentedly down and purred all the way.

But how glad he was when Greta really did come home! How he did purr and rub his big head against her cheek! Then he was at once put to bed on his own pillow and there he had his first real sleep since the day when his little-girl mistress had left him.

Annie Chase.

RIDING DOWN TO HAINES'.

HAINES' is a big, big toy-shop,
And Ted is a tiny boy;
From Haines' there came one Christmas
A most delightful toy.
In front there were two horse-heads,
In back a snug safe seat;
Then reins with bells, and rockers,
And room to put your feet.

When Ted first learned to manage
The horses and the reins,
He sat his chariot proudly,
And journeyed "down to Haines'."
(Of course you know, my children,
He did not leave the door;
His horses galloped wildly
Upon the nursery floor.)

HE JOURNEYED "DOWN TO HAINES,"

Since then, when skies grow cloudy,
And cross her little boy,
Ted's mama says, "Now hurry
To Haines', and buy a toy!"
Then quickly Ted grows smiling,
Climbs in and takes the reins—
The sun is *always* shining
When Ted rides "down to Haines'!"

Annie Willis McCullough.

CHAPTER III. — BILLY BOY GOES IN SEARCH OF HIS WHITE MICE.

"MY DEAR BILLY!" Aunt Kate leaned out of her carriage, ready to take him, big cage and all, into her arms.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Remember the Maine! Dewey! Sampson! Hobson! screamed the parrot again. And the crowd, following Billy Boy and the coachman cheered and cheered.

Billy Boy was afraid they would tear the cage from his arms. And they might have, had not the coachman used his fists to clear the way.

"Get us out of this, Jarvis!" said Aunt Kate.

Jarvis made the horses plunge forward, but Billy Boy could hear the shouts following them along the street.

"She — she's a remarkable parrot," said Billy Boy faintly.

"I should think so!" said Aunt Kate.

"I didn't exactly bring the parrot. She belongs to another fel — another girl," explained Billy Boy, a little confused.

"I'm so glad!" said Aunt Kate, heartily.

"I had my white mice in a cage just about as large as this. You ought to see them! Bee and I have drilled them into two armies, American and Spanish, and we've got the commanders on both sides — and, oh, I don't know where they are now! I changed cages with a girl!"

"O we'll find them, never fear! And the girl shall have her parrot," said Aunt Kate, growing suddenly very cheerful.

When they reached Aunt Kate's house a beautiful Angora cat ran into the hall to meet her mistress "Scat! Scat!" screamed the parrot. She had torn the newspaper off the cage with her sharp beak and was taking a look around her.

Off whisked the cat in terror and hid, so that no one could find her. Then Aunt Kate's little poodle waddled up to the cage. "Bow-wow!" barked the parrot. And they could'nt drag the poodle out of the coal cellar that night!

Billy Boy lay awake that night, longer than he had ever lain

THE POMPOUS COACHMAN CLEARED THE WAY.

awake a night in his life, planning how to rid himself of that parrot and get his white mice again.

In the morning Aunt Kate sent out for all the daily papers but there was no advertisement of a lost parrot in them. The

parrot, with her cage muffled, was shut up in the back attic, but Aunt Kate had a nervous headache.

Billy Boy felt sure that she was wishing she had borrowed some other one of the Browns who wouldn't have brought a parrot, and he was very unhappy. When Aunt Kate sat down at her desk to write an advertisement for a girl who changed a parrot for a cage of white mice, Billy Boy stole up to the attic and got the parrot, and slipped out at the front door. He did not know the name of the station where Lena and her nurse had stopped but he knew that it was the next station to the city and that there was a children's hospital there.

When Aunt Kate had said they could'nt find the little girl without advertising as they did not know her last name, Billy Boy had been too bashful to tell her he thought he could.

But of course any little Pekoe boy knew what tongues were made for, and Billy Boy felt he could make things come out right if that parrot would only keep still!

He had learned the way to the station and was hurrying on when a newsboy's cry about the war aroused Polly.

She shouted all her war cries, and such a crowd gathered that Billy Boy was forced to turn into a side street and run.

But fortunately the side street led to the station, and once on board the train Polly became quiet.

He got out at the station where Lena had left him, the day before, and inquired for the children's hospital.

There was no children's hospital he was told, but there was a children's ward in the big general hospital on the hill, which the station agent pointed out to him.

He rang timidly at the great door of the hospital, then waited a long time.

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" shrieked Polly. And a man, looking very much astonished, opened the door.

"I want to see a boy named Otto," said Billy Boy. "I want to give him his parrot and" —

"Are you his brother?" asked the man. "Only relatives admitted." And when Billy Boy shook his head he shut the door.

"Cock-a-doodle! Rememberthe Maine!" screamed Polly.

The man opened the door enough to look at the parrot.

"Please won't you see if Otto has my white mice?" urged Billy Boy.

"His sister is here. You might send for her to come out," said a boy in buttons at the man's elbow.

The great door was closed again but in a few moments it opened and Lena's startled face appeared.

"I didn't do it on purpose!" she said, her hceeks growing very red. "But I did hope you would like her better, for Otto is just wild over the mice!"

"I don't like her better!" said Billy Boy, stoutly.

"We think Otto ought to have everything. When you see him you'll think so, too," said Lena.

"ARE YOU OTTO'S BROTHER?" ASKED THE MAN.

"I shan't think he ought to have my white mice," said Billy Boy, firmly.

The girl opened wide the big door, as if it belonged to her.

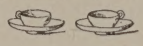
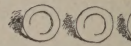
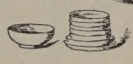
"Come!" she said, beckoning to Billy Boy.

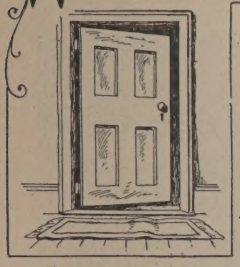
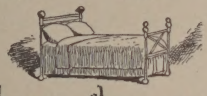
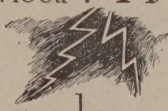
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

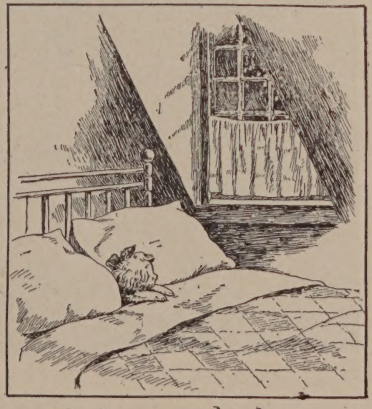
Sophie Swett.

WHERE WAS THE LITTLE WHITE DOG?

III

The best part of the picnic was coming. A white cloth was spread on a flat for a table, with a bunch of in the middle, and the  and  and good things were set on it, and somebody rang a big and somebody else blew a and Freddy shouted and Teddy barked, - and supper was ready! Just as they were all enjoying themselves the most, a black cloud came up in the sky black as . The rain began to fall. Then there was a scramble. Everybody picked up and and  and ran to a little red house near by. It was a very little house, with a very little , and a little lived in it with two round and rosy little boys.

When all the people had gone in the little  of the little parlor, there was no room for the . So patter, patter, went his feet up the to a little room under the roof, with a little  and and . This was - where the rosy little boys slept. "Nice place!" said Teddy to himself. And when the thunder growled and the  flashed, he jumped up on the bed, and snuggled down between the for a nap. And by and by a carriage drove up to the and the picnic people crowded in with their . pulling Freddy with them, and away they dashed through the rain. And where was the little but fast asleep in the little bed in the little boys' room, upstairs, in the little red house!



PAPA BEGAN TO LAUGH, TOO.

BOBBY'S RAINBOW BATH.

ALL day Bobby had been wishing that night would come. Now some of you little folks may think that it was the day before Christmas and that Bobby was wishing for the happy hour when he could hang his stocking by the fireplace for dear old Santa Claus to fill for him. And others of you may suspect that instead of Christmas it was the beautiful summer time, and that Bobby was going to start for the seashore the very next morning to have a fine time building all sorts of interesting things in the smooth white sand.

But neither of these guesses is correct, and I don't believe that even the brightest of you all possibly could think of the right answer, for it was a very odd one, indeed,

Bobby's Grandma had come to spend the day with him, and had brought the child a soap-bag; and Bobby was anxious to use it as soon as possible.

It was such a nice soap-bag, large and plump, and very knobby, and crowded full. It smelled delightfully, too, of violets and roses, and ever so many other sweet things besides, for Grandma had saved all of her choice bits of soap just to make this bag for Bobby.

So when bedtime came Bobby did not need any urging to get undressed, as he did sometimes.

"O Mama," he said, "I'm going to have such a nice time, and can't I stay in the water a little longer than usual? For beside my new soap-bag I have my little ships, 'Rosa' and 'Bella' to play with."

The ships were very small boats whittled out of wood, and Bobby greatly enjoyed sailing them around in the water of the bathtub. So Bobby's Mama said that she would sit in the next room and finish a chapter in the book she was reading, and let Bobby enjoy himself alone for a while.

"Dear me," she said after a few minutes, "what a lively time Bobby is having tonight! How the child does delight in his bath!" For thump after thump could be heard from the bath-room, followed by merry laughter.

"I think I'll just peep at this next chapter," thought Mama "for Bobby probably is playing that he is the crew of a life-saving station and is saving a crowd from a ship wreck." So Bobby kept on playing and Mama kept on reading, for it was a most interesting story. But all of a sudden she threw down her book and ran to the bath-room.

"O Bobby, dear, where are you?" she cried as she opened the door, for no rosy-faced child could be seen. But rising from the bath-tub were mountains and billows of the most beautiful rainbow-tinted suds she had ever seen.

It looked like an immense frosted cake, only brighter, and was foaming and shivering as if a ferry-boat had just passed through it. "Here I am!" laughed a little voice full of glee, and then Mama caught a glimpse of a yellow head and she burst out into peals of laughter. Papa heard the commotion, and came, and then he began to laugh too.

He laughed so loud and so long that Bobby stretched his head up and blew away the suds to see what made his Papa and Mama so gleeful.

"Well," said Papa when he had caught his breath, "I never saw such a sight in my life; how did you ever do it, Bobby?"

"O, I worked and worked," answered Bobby in muffled tones, "and the water kept getting prettier and prettier, and I've had more than fun, and don't mind if my arms do ache, for it looks just like rainbows, doesn't it, Mama?"

'It does, indeed," answered Mama, "and it's as beautiful as it possibly can be."

"I hope it will last till morning," sighed tired Bobby as he was tucked into bed, "but perhaps Grandma will make me another soap-bag soon."

"Another," exclaimed Mama, "why, you have one already!"

"No I haven't," murmured Bobby drowsily, "for I used it all up to-night."

"Think of it!" said Grandma when she was told; "it is a wonder the dear child wasn't parboiled, for there was soap enough in that bag to last a year."

Cara Howard Crandon.

BABY.

A "MAMA"–SONG.

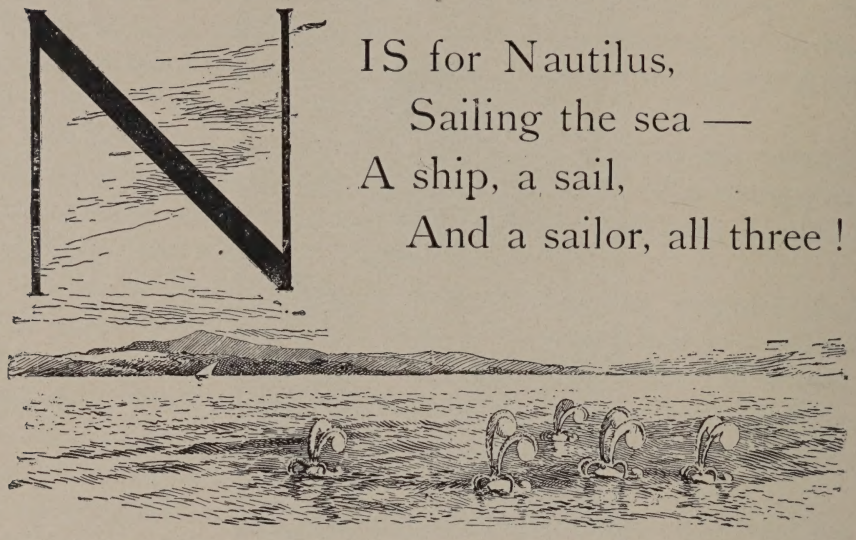
MY baby's learned to walk! O, very well he goes
On his little unused feet, each softer than a rose.
Ah, how much his mama loves him a baby never knows;
But you will, some day, won't you, Baby?

I love each sunny curl that around his forehead blows,
I love his wondering eyes and his funny little nose,
I love his little teeth that shine in two white rows,
Because they belong to my baby.

I love his rounded cheeks, where the sea-shell color shows,
I love his dimpled fingers, and his pudgy little toes —
I love the very buttons upon his little clothes
Because they've been worn by my baby!

Henrietta R. Eliot.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



N IS for Nautilus,
Sailing the sea —
A ship, a sail,
And a sailor, all three!

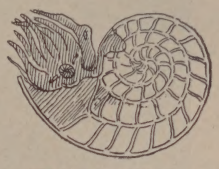
(*Mama's Nautilus Talk.*)

THE children had been reading the old Greek myth of the Golden Fleece. We had talked about Jason and his fifty brave companions, who sailed away in search of it in the ship *Argo*, and so were known as the Argonauts. I had told them, too, how our pioneers of '49, who went to California in search of gold, were called Argonauts, after those old treasure-seekers.

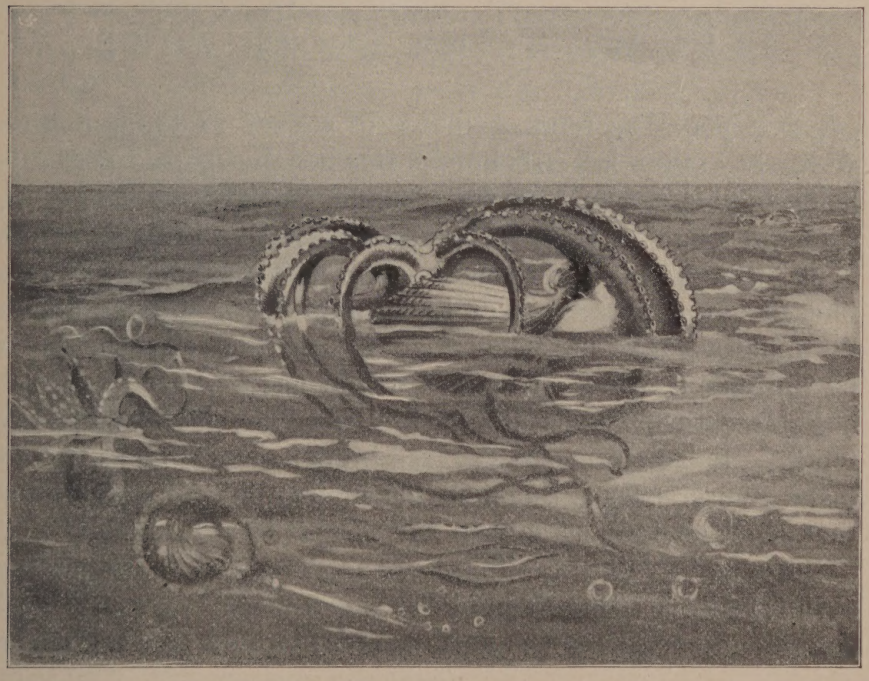
"Then, too," said I, "the name Argonaut has been given to a queer sea-creature. The old Greeks believed this tiny Argonaut, the Paper Nautilus, sailed at will over the blue Mediterranean, using its shell for a boat, and lifting its flattened arms like sails to catch the breeze. All this is now said to be as fabulous as the Golden Fleece itself. The broadened arms are really carried close against the sides of the shell."

"Why is it called the Paper Nautilus?" asked Will. "Because its shell is thin like paper," I replied. "And, oddly, only the mother nautilus has a shell, and in this she carries her eggs — so the shell is a cradle, rather than a boat, or a house."

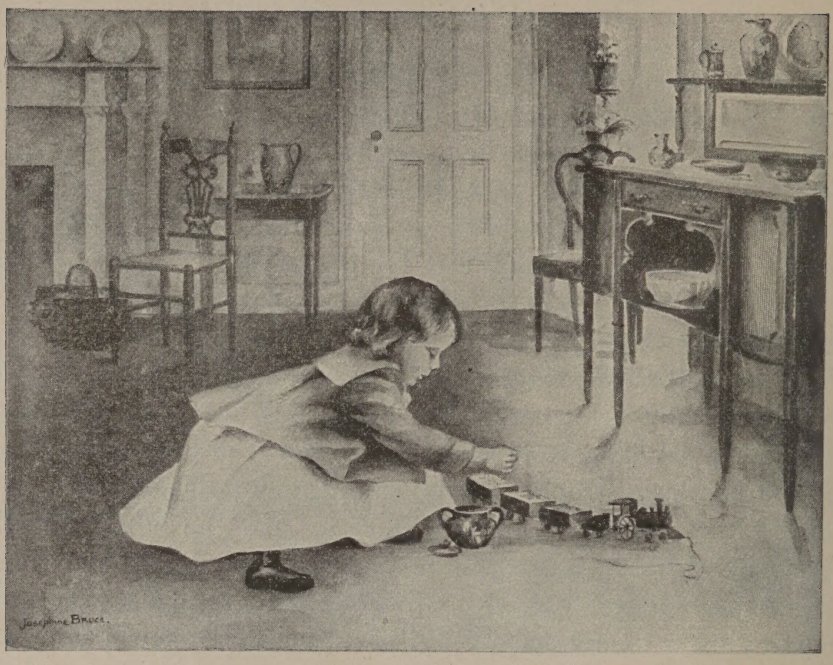
"In my reader," said Tom, "there is poem about the nautilus." "Oh, yes," said I, "Dr. Holmes's poem, 'The Chambered Nautilus.'" "What does he mean by 'chambered'?" asked Will. "Dr. Holmes's nautilus," I repiled, "is the Pearly Nautilus, a cousin of the Paper Nautilus. He is called Pearly Nautilus because his shell is lined with rainbow-tinted mother-of-pearl. Unlike the Paper Nautilus, his shell is his house. Dr. Holmes calls this house of pearl 'chambered' because it has many rooms or chambers. At first it has only one, but as the Nautilus grows he builds a larger room and moves into that, closing the door behind him. Then, as he continues to grow, he builds a third, a fourth, a fifth — so that finally he may be found in the last and largest room, with twenty or thirty deserted rooms behind him. These closed chambers are built in a widening spiral, winding around the tiny chamber in which he began his life."



PEARLY NAUTILUS.



PAPER NAUTILUS, FLOATING AT SURFACE, AND SWIMMING BELOW SURFACE.



HE FILLED HIS CARS WITH THE SMALL LUMPS.

LEFT WITH THE SUGAR BOWL.

ARE you very fond of lumps of sugar? I know a little boy who is. At breakfast when his papa's coffee is being poured out he asks for a lump. Sometimes he gets it, sometimes he does not. If he sees a sugar bowl full, and there is no big person in the room to ask to give him some, he helps himself to one, two, three or four lumps. His mother knows he would not take the sugar if she forbade him, she also knows he will take it whenever he gets the chance to do so.

Bob's father laughs at him and tells him he has a "sweet tooth." Bob's mother used to tell him she was afraid he would make himself sick. Bob told his mother he did not "fink" that sugar could make a little boy sick; it tasted so good.

Bob's mother did not think it was a good plan to be always saying DON'T! She thought she would teach Bob a little lesson in another way. She meant to let him find that the sugar

would make him sick. (Of course she knew the *best* way to do.)

One morning after breakfast she did not put away the sugar bowl as usual on the high shelf of the side-board. She put it on the floor of the dining room, very quietly. Then she left the room with Bob playing about on the floor with a train of cars. She came back several times to see what would happen.

Bob did not notice the sugar bowl for some time. He was thinking about the "choo choo" cars. After a while he made the train of cars run about the floor under the table. When he got over by the door, there was the sugar bowl! a shining silver basin with a pretty silver strawberry for handle to the lid.

Bob lifted the lid off. He put one lump in his mouth and looked very happy. When that had gone down the Red Lane he popped another in his mouth. This was even sweeter than the first lump. He was just about to take a third when his eye fell on his train of cars.

"I will load my train with lumps," he said. He emptied the sugar carefully into the iron cars. They would not hold much. Then Bob took a third lump and put it into his mouth. His mother thought he would go on eating. But he did not.

Bob did not know his mother was watching him, but he *did* know in his little heart that his mother knew best what was good for him. He was sure she would not like him to eat any more lumps. He put the lid on the bowl, and made his train of cars carry the load around the room. When he came back to the sugar bowl, he went past without eating any more.

Then his mother came in and he called her to look at his train. His mother asked if he would like a lump of sugar.

Bob said "yes" but told her he had had three lumps already.

Bob's mother said she thought that was enough. She helped him unload the train, and then she put away the sugar bowl. She kissed Bob and said he was a good true sensible little boy.

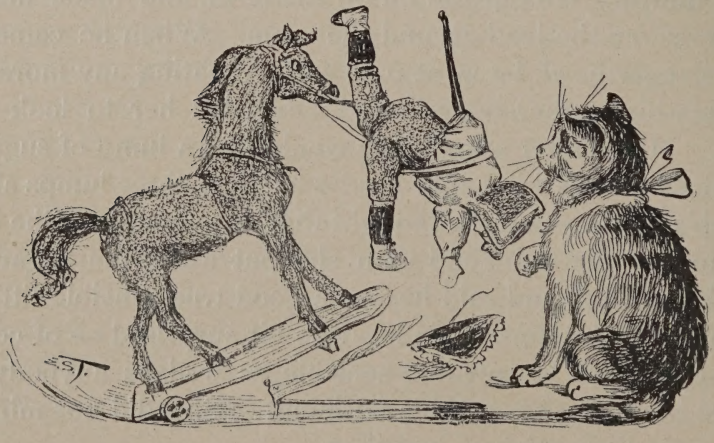
Bob looked happy — and a little bit surprised — of course a little boy could be true and sensible as well as anybody. He stroked her cheeks with his fat hands. She did not mind that they were little stickey, just then.

Jean Fraley Hallowell.

THE BRAVE TOY-SOLDIER.

OH, I'm the bravest general —
Just see my flag, my hat!
Just see my war-horse prance about!
Just see my sword! Just — *what was that?*
Was it a cannon hit me hard?
Was it — *was it* — *that* CAT?

E. S. T.



A TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

A great many subscribers in sending a dollar for their renewal, say very pleasant things about LITTLE FOLKS. This is very encouraging to the editors and publisher. At this season of the year such letters cannot be acknowledged individually, but they are none the less very acceptable. Many subscribers in making payment for the new volume send a subscription for some friend, and probably every subscriber could, with a little effort secure a new name. Every new name sent means that more money can be spent to make LITTLE FOLKS better. Most of our premiums have been for the boys and girls, but the publisher thinks the mothers should have a chance, and will offer in the February number something for them. The Etchings offered in the past are much appreciated by the parents, and a great many have been earned. The set of eight, and the new set of four as well as the Old Homestead can still be sent to a subscriber for one new name. LITTLE FOLKS is often asked to sell these pictures for the price of a subscription, but the publisher always refuses, the object being to start a new subscription, which may continue for years. A yearly subscription and the premium in every case costs the publisher more than a dollar.

The offer to send a copy of Mrs. Howe's patriotic Battle Hymn of the Republic, decorated by Miss McManus, for two stamps, to any one renewing their subscription promptly, is continued. Our friends can help very much by sending the address of reliable people who take subscriptions, especially those who work for the Ladies Home Journal or other household papers.

LITTLE FOLKS likes to be talked about, and all little readers should tell their playmates about it. Have you tried to find one new subscriber? You don't know how easy it is to do so. Every subscriber under ten years of age who secures a new name for LITTLE FOLKS before March first, can have a copy of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, bound in Ivorine, with cover decorated in colors.

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A. W. MUMFORD, Publisher,

203 MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Dear Little Folks:—I see the publisher wants us to write him what stories we like best. I like them all, and read them all over and over, but I like *best* "A Funny Go," "Children of Liberty," "Shem the Stupid," "Arabella and Araminta's Glad Surprise," "The Booboo Stories," and "The Black Cat Stories," "The Coming of Snow Ball Woods," and "Little Tom Reed's Circus." I would like so much to get with the publisher and talk to him about the stories. Oh, it would be so nice! I can't hardly wait from the time one magazine comes to the time for another, I like them so much. I am a little girl, eight years old. My papa was down on the gulf coast not long ago. I wanted him to bring me some shells, as he did Genie once. Genie is my grown-up sister. She is on a visit in Texas. I think she will bring me something nice. Papa couldn't get the shells, said the tide was too high, and they were under the water. My papa will copy this on another paper, so the editor will not have so much trouble to read it. *Joe Clegg.*

SO. GARDNER, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl, only three years old, but you give me more pleasure than all my dollies and toys. Every night, before I go to bed, my mama reads me two or three of the stories, and I call them my "Bed times."

I have a little sister who is two years old. Her name is Alice. but she calls herself "Bebe." There is a big red barn behind the house where there are thirteen white Angora rabbits living. These rabbits are mine, and I call the mama rabbit "Columbia," and the papa rabbit "Dewey." The baby rabbits have no names, but my little sister calls them "Doos." We let them out in the yard sometimes, and it is fun to see them hop. They like clover better than anything else to eat.

I hope you will publish my letter very soon. Of course I am too little to write a letter myself, but my auntie is writing this for me.

Katherine E. Read.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl, seven years old. I just love you, *Little Folks*, and I always read the letters.

I am visiting my aunt Katie in the country, and I play out all day long. Anne and Katherine are here with me, and we're all going home soon.

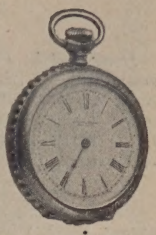
I am going to school this winter, and Anne is going next winter. Katherine is a baby, and she can't even read my *Little Folks*. Anne can read my *Little Folks*, and she does it.

There is a dear little black dog here, and to-day he tried to eat a dead bird, but Anne took it from him.

Anne was sick with diphtheria once, and had to stay in a room all by herself. I stayed at Aunt Katie's.

To-day my *Little Folks* came, and I have nine of them now. Auntie Nell gave it to me last Xmas, and I simply love it.

A Beautiful Watch for a Girl or Boy.


NICKLE CASE.

These cuts, reduced one-half, are from photographs direct from the watches. They are good, reliable watches, American movement, guaranteed. The publisher of LITTLE FOLKS can conscientiously recommend these watches, and having spent considerable time in the examination of many watches believes these are the best to be found for the price. Any person, boy or girl, will be proud to own one of these little gems. They are stem winding and setting, and will be furnished in solid nickle case, and will be given for six new subscribers, or for three new subscribers and $1.25. The same movement will be given in triple gold plated and beautifully engraved case for six new subscribers and 30cts, or for three new subscribers and $1.55. With good care this case will wear for years. The pictures give but little idea of the beauty of these watches.

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Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

I hope you'll print this, for it will surprise my mama so. Anne and Katherine both send their love, and I do, too.

Marjorie and Stewart are with mama and papa. I miss them very much. Good bye.

Fannie Lyon.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl, ten years old. I like to read books; when I have read *Little Folks* I can hardly wait for a new one. I take lessons on the piano. And so with *Little Folks* and my music, and a little play, I am happy. *Ethel S. Holman.*

NORWOOD, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I think you are the nicest book I have ever taken, and I am nine, and I like the "Booboo Stories" and "Some Long Ago Easter Eggs," and "Donald's Good Hen" the best. I have two horses and some chickens, and I can ride my horses and can play on the piano some, and I wrote all of this letter myself. *Alice Aylett Callaway.*

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—You came to me Christmas as a surprise, and I have enjoyed you so much I am going to try and get a few subscribers. I am seven years old, and like to go to school. *Clarence Selwyn.*

ELLSWORTH, MAINE.

Dear Little Folks:—My home is in Portland, Oregon, but I have come here to visit my grandparents. It took us six days to get here. I had two rabbits, but one ran away. Grandma has some chickens, and there is a pig and two horses, and a cow that I can milk myself.

After I came here I had a birthday on the 30th of July, and was eight years old. I got a jumping rope, a pencil box, a china plate, a souvenir spoon, and a beautiful book of "Hiawatha." I like it so much. I think it is the best story I know of. We went to the seashore and stayed all day. I went out in o boat and caught some fish, and we had a fish chowder for dinner.

I got the pictures you offered for a premium, and I think they are very pretty.

Nina Joy.

GOODWATER, ALA.

Dear Little Folks:—We are little twin sisters, eleven years old, and our playmates can't tell one from the other. We have two brothers, almost grown, and one six years old. We have no other sisters.

Mama sent for you for us last winter, and we like you so much we are saving our nickels to send for you again.

We like "Bee" the best, but it is all so nice. We wanted to go to the country on a visit to our aunt's this week, but got disappointed, and oh! it hurt us so bad! but we are going tomorrow to spend the day with a little friend of ours, Nina Allen; she lives two miles from town. We will enjoy that hugely.

Your little friends,

Lurline and Kathleen Chapman.

LITTLE FOLKS PREMIUMS.

STEAM TOYS.

Any toy on this page will be given to a subscriber free for two new subscribers, or for one new subscriber and 25c. (If sent prepaid, 15c. additional.)

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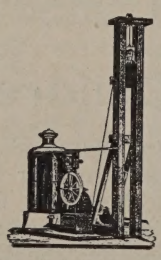
STEAM ENGINE.

HOT AIR ENGINE.

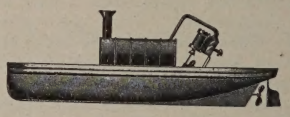


STEAM PILE DRIVER.

The Steam Engine stands 10 inches high, is made of polished brass, and has a good water glass.

The Hot Air Engine is a new toy, and as it does not use water or steam, it will run indefinitely. Made of brass and guaranteed.

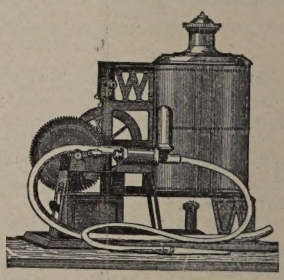
Steam Pile Driver. This very interesting toy is finished in fine colors, and is thoroughly tested before being sent out. Works like the large Pile Drivers.

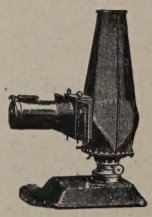


The Steamboat can be run in a bath-tub in winter. Brass boiler and three bladed propellor,

The Steam Force Pump and Engine, combined.

Throws a stream of water six feet at ordinary speed.





Brilliant Magic Lantern, with safety lamp and screw focal adjustment. Six slides with each lantern. (12 additional slides will be sent, postpaid, for one new subscriber.) Full directions for operating the lantern will be sent in box.

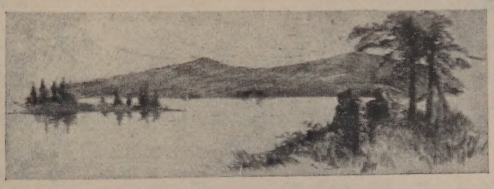
S. E. CASSINO, Pope Building, BOSTON, MASS.

A Special Combination Offer.

BELIEVING that every mother will be interested in the best kitchen magazine issued, the publishers have arranged to offer the

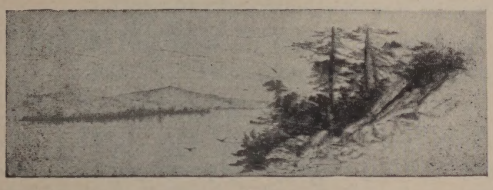
American Kitchen Magazine

to susbcribers to LITTLE FOLKS, together with a collection of four beautiful etchings, for the small sum of $1.50.

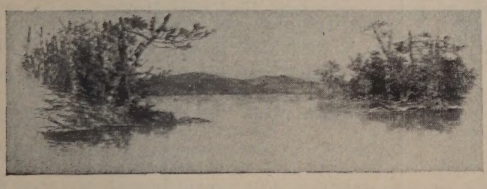


LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE ERIE.



LAKE CHAMPLAIN.



LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

THE AMERICAN KITCHEN MAGAZINE

Gives its readers a broad and progressive treatment of Domestic Science.

Its standpoint is distinctively educational; its methods are always practical.

It is not an exponent of Society Fads.

It does not voice the theories of any one school or society; its policy is to give American women the benefit of every possible improvement in household management.

Its contents, therefore, include the results of expert scientific experiment and the tried wisdom of practical housekeepers.

Its aim is to aid in establishing an individual and municipal housekeeping that shall be simple and healthful, scientific and reasonable.

MARY J. LINCOLN and ANNA BARROWS, Editors.

THE etchings are by Harlow and are all worthy of a frame. They are finely printed on plate paper 10x14, and will be sent flat, not rolled, prepaid. If bought at an art store these etchings would cost from $4 to $6. The publisher of LITTLE FOLKS is able to offer a year's subscription to the *American Kitchen Magazine*, the set of four etchings, and a year's subscription to the LITTLE FOLKS for $1.50. Any present subscriber may take advantage of this offer by securing a new subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS or by renewing her own subscription.

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Morality is (or should be) taught at home.

The New Crusade

is the only magazine that treats this subject.

Other home and child-training matters dealt with scientifically but simply.

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$1.00 a year, including any one book or magazine named below, FREE.

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A book to aid Young Mothers in the physical and mental developement of their Children. Some of the Kindergarten principles as applied to small children in the nursery.
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Send postal for free sample, to
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... FOR ...

..Photographs of Children..

Not Portraits merely, but photographs which are interesting as **Pictures.** Sometimes a portrait has this "picture interest," and such portraits come within the limits of the offer.

Especially we mean: Children singly or in groups in action, children with pets, children with toys, children at play, children with unusual and interesting surroundings.

THE PRIZES ARE:

$5.00 for the most beautiful picture of child-life;
$5.00 for the oddest picture of child-life;
$5.00 for the best picture of children in action;
$5.00 for the best picture of children with pets;
$5.00 for the funniest picture of child-life.

The Competition is Open to all amateurs, and also to professional photographers. Technical qualities will be considered, but the awards will be based chiefly on the *interestingness* of the photographs *as pictures.* "Blue prints" are excluded.

No Restriction as to size of photographs or the number submitted.

The Prize Photographs are to belong to LITTLE FOLKS.

Those Not Winning Prizes, if of sufficient merit, will be purchased. Others will be returned, if postage is sent with them.

It has been decided not to close the competition until Feb. 25, 1899.

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Little Folks Bound

Volume one of Little Folks will be sent by mail bound in beautiful lithographed cover for $1.25.

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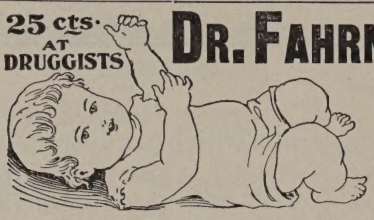
25 cts. AT DRUGGISTS



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is preferred by mothers because it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate infant. Not an atom of injurious drugs in a gallon of it. It takes baby through the entire period of teething in comparative comfort. Cures colic in ten minutes; relieves indigestion; cures sour stomach, and is widely recommended for cholera infantum. **Trial bottle will be sent free if you mention this paper.** Address DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

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I wish to state that I am the only person living in possession of the formula that restored my hair. I have been a stock broker for 20 years, and can refer to any of the National Banks of this city to prove that I was completely Bald for 3 years. I now have a good head of hair.

I will guarantee this will restore your hair in three months and will stop the hair from falling out, or remove dandruff after one application. This is in powder form. Price $1.00 per package. Mailed to any part of the United States or Canada.

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P. O. BOX 1257, BOSTON, MASS.

Frye's Remedy **"QUICKSTEP"** is sure to cure **Rheumatism** in all of its forms.

A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR

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Indigestion,
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SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, NOW IMPROVING.

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Dear Sirs:—I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for 18 years; at times could not get around at all. A friend of mine was cured by "Quickstep," and I procured some. After a few doses, I am wonderfully improved, and at the same rate of improvement I shall be well in a very few days. I feel ten years younger W. D. SMITH.

Pamphlet and Testimonials for the asking.

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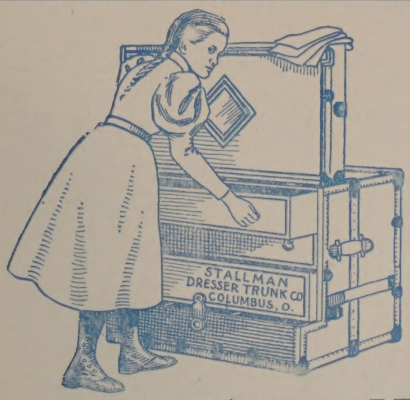

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Rubber Goods, Oil Heaters,
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It has no equal in the market.

For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking, and all impurities from the hands, it is unequalled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

Beware of Imitations. For sale by all Grocers.

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Factory, Wollaston, Mass.

LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A NEW PREMIUM.

Several months ago LITTLE FOLKS offered some etchings as a premium for new subscribers. They were so popular it has been decided to offer a new set of four. The four etchings are all by the popular artist L. K. Harlow, and are larger than the other set. They represent scenes on Lake Erie, Lake George, Lake Champlain and Lake Winnepesaukee. A photographic reproduction of the subjects is given in this column. These are genuine original etchings and are printed on plate paper 10 by 14 inches. They are all worthy a frame.

All four subjects will be sent to any subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS who sends one new subscriber.

They will be securely packed and sent by mail, post paid.

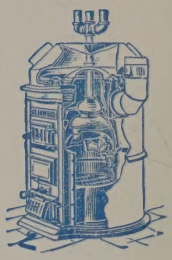
S. E. CASSINO, Publisher.
221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

LAKE ERIE.

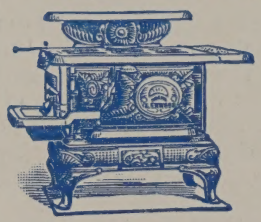
NEW PREMIUM of four (4) Fine Etchings of Scenes on American Lakes for one new Subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS—See advertising pages.

Going To Build?



Of course you have in mind some one of the popular **Glenwood Heaters**

GLENWOOD



and for the kitchen range—surely that's settled too—for hardly anybody now-a-days thinks of using other than a

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